

CHARIVARIA.

"UNTO the world's end," says the German Crown Prince, "the sword will always be the decisive factor at the last." This authoritative statement has caused keen satisfaction to the champions of *l'arme blanche*, which has latterly been suspect in certain high military circles.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL complained at the Academy Banquet that he could find no connection between art and the modern battleship. What a pity that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and Sir PERCY SCOTT were not present. They could have discussed whether the Paint-Brush is mightier than the Gun.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION has thrown cold water on the suggestion that the admirable teachings of the Boy Scout movement shall be introduced into our elementary schools. Mr. PEASE fears that it would be looked upon as Militarism. "If you wish for War, prepare for Pease."

Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, in touching on matters military in a speech at Wrexham, seems to have offered a thinly veiled insult to Lord ROBERTS by referring to "distinguished soldiers who perhaps have outlived their days of usefulness." Well, some of us (to be equally tactful in the avoidance of names),—some of us are safe from the fear of that reproach.

Considerable indignation has been aroused among French murderers—who, as a class, are exceptionally touchy—by the fact that, on the occasion of the execution of the motor-bandits, the headsman wore a lounge suit and a bowler instead of the regulation frock-coat and high hat.

The latest arrivals at the Zoo include some fine specimens of "walking leaves." Not the least admirable characteristic of these creatures is their quietness and amiability, and the statement that one had picked a quarrel with a lion is a slander.

In the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy there is a model of the terraces to be built at the Zoo to

enable the animals to be seen in their wild state. The design is by Mr. JOHN BELCHER, R.A., and Mr. JOASS. It was a happy thought to call in the Joass to assist.

Last week nearly all our daily papers described *The Times* as "the best newspaper in the world" in their advertisement columns; but this confession of their own inferiority hurt some of them frightfully, and these would like it to be known that they do not vouch for the accuracy of statements appearing in their advertisement columns.

Among the persons arrested for rioting in Trafalgar Square, at the "Right to Speak" meeting, was an individual

It is proposed to form a "Museum of the Drama." We know one or two actors who might form a nucleus for such an exhibition.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON are about to publish a volume entitled "How to Listen to an Orchestra." The announcement interests us. In the case of some orchestras the only way is to be strapped to one's seat.

Illustrations showing the correct and the incorrect way of alighting from omnibuses now appear on the front of many of these vehicles. To study these properly you must stand in the middle of the road while the 'bus is bearing down on you.



Benevolent Lady (at Whitsuntide school treat). "WELL, LIZZIE, AND WHO'S YOUR LITTLE FRIEND?"
Lizzie. "'LITTLE FRIEND,' MISS SMIFF? THAT AIN'T ME 'LITTLE FRIEND; THAT'S ME FELLER!"

described as an "artist's improver." This is the first time we have heard of this useful profession and, on enquiry at the Royal Academy, we found that it was unknown there.

The recent burning of a church is attributed to the militant Suffragettes. This sort of thing is perhaps not the most tactful way of trying to keep on the side of the angels.

The humanity of our judges is well known. Of a lady who brought an action for breach of promise against a man who had jilted her after fifteen years, Mr. Justice BUCKNILL said last week: "My personal impression of her is that she is an educated and nice person. At any rate, she is 'all there,' and for my part I cannot see why she should remain a spinster all her life." Armed with this testimonial the lady should have no difficulty.

From a census of buildings just published it appears that to every 100,000 of its population London has forty-five places of worship, but only six theatres. The scandal is the talk of theatrical circles.

A real Parisian Revue, imported direct from Paris, has been produced at the New Middlesex Theatre. To persons unacquainted with the French language it is almost as difficult to appreciate as an English Revue.

KING NICHOLAS, by giving way in regard to Skutari, has saved the Powers from humiliation.

and there is some talk of the Ambassadors presenting him with an illuminated testimonial.

Tokio possesses a Centenarians' Club. The terms for life membership are said to be most moderate.

Swing-time.

"In perfect weather, with swifts screaming above and birds swinging in every tree the children of the Bands of Hope from Keswick and neighbouring hamlets held their Maytime festival."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Cockatoos must be a new feature of the Lake District, or is it just the native bird that has caught the spirit of the holiday folk at their swings?

"Mr. Walter Cunliffe, Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, has been appointed Deputy Governor."—*Times of Ceylon*.

This is headed (and we cordially associate ourselves with the sentiment) "BRAVO, MR. CUNLIFFE!"

TWO ON THE ADRIATIC.

ITALY TO AUSTRIA.

[The following remarks are ready for delivery to Austria in case she reverts to her original intention of undertaking the noble task of Albania's reconstruction.]

O DUAL one, whose love has often sent a
Thrill through our marrow, chewing memory's cud,
Mindful of days inscribed in pure Magenta,
The colour (loosely) of our confluent blood;

O bound by bonds of holiest alliance,
One of a triplet, Europe's mailed police,
Who at the trembling nations fling defiance
As deadly guardians of the gates of Peace;

Rumour arrives that you, O Austria-Hungary,
Stung by desire of sweetness and of light,
Propose to plunge your martial ironmongery
Into Albania's mess and put it right.

Your record as a Christian civilizer
Stamps you for that high quest supremely fit,
Yet we should love (by leave of WILLIAM KAISER)
To join you in the job and do our bit.

How cleverly we handle heathen races
Let Tripoli be witness; well she knows
That, if our voice but breathe o'er desert places,
Almost at once they blossom like the rose.

So where you go we too intend to follow,
Bringing to arid scenes the smile of May,
Playing, in fact, the rôle of second swallow,
Earnest that Spring has really come to stay.

And, should a very natural lust for booty
Nestle beneath your altruistic airs,
We'll gladly undertake detective duty
Or halve the scandal for you, going shares.

In fine, if someone—not a local bandit—
Is bound to do this sacrificial work,
With or without a European mandate,
And 'tis a task you feel you may not shirk;

We hardly like to let a sister nation
Tackle alone so perilous a "sphere";
So you may count on Rome's co-operation;
We shall be there all right. Good-bye, my dear.

O. S.

THE GRATUITY.

I was, of course, in no way responsible for the waiters at the Bullionberg. Yet, because Millicent and her mother were dining with me, I experienced an uneasy feeling of guilt at the shortcomings of our particular attendant. Perhaps in his own land he was a strolling minstrel. I cannot vouch for the musical part of him, but, with the exception of a plumber, who once worked for me within the speed limit of his union, I have never seen a man take longer over doing nothing.

I tried kindness. I tried sarcasm. I tried firmness. I tried persuasion, hauteur, wrathfulness. I tried everything. The waiter, on the contrary, did not try anything. He succeeded where I failed.

Millicent assured me that she in no way minded the interminable intervals so excellent (she said) for the digestion. Millicent's mother perjured herself in turn by remarking that, the variation in temperature between lukewarm coffee and a tepid ice being small, they were less detrimental to the teeth.

"Deeds spake ever louder than words," I replied gratefully. "Therefore, instead of apologising to you, I will make up for this fiasco by inviting you to dine with me at the Tinywee in Soho."

"Agreed! But I do so want to hear you tell the head-waiter all the things you have been saying about him."

"No. Deeds again. It is the custom of the Bullionberg not to tip your own waiter but to slip a half-sovereign into the hand of the chief-of-staff on leaving. This evening, as a mark of my disapprobation, I intend to present him with a shilling instead."

"You daren't."

"Daren't!" I protested, and glanced uneasily at the head-waiter. He caught my eye, smiled politely, and sauntered towards our table.

"You daren't," repeated Millicent. "There is not a man living that dare offer a shilling tip at the Bullionberg. He will telepath it all over the building. The waiter will trip you up as you leave; the cloak-room man will brush your hat round the wrong way; and the commissioner will jam your thumb in the door of your car."

"I don't care," I remarked defiantly.

"Well, here he comes," she whispered. "Now look him straight in the eyes and give him the shilling with a few well-chosen words!"

He bowed as we rose to depart, and for some time I stood fixing his eye with mine in stern, unrelenting silence. It was not a long time. Perhaps a second—perhaps less. Meanwhile I directed my gaze at his second shirt stud.

"I should like," I said, "to state that I am excessively dissatisfied with the performance of the waiter responsible for this table."

"I beg your pardon, Sir?"

I repeated my sentence. He repeated his.

"The waiting here is rotten," I explained. "Not only were we left waiting between the courses, but the food, with the exception of the ices, was cold when it did come."

"You are not satisfied, Sir?"

I felt that I was losing ground before his suave urbanity. My small stock of courage was ebbing so fast that I was forced to take immediate action. "I have the habit," I said, "or perhaps I should say the vice, of presenting large gratuities on these occasions." I groped in my pocket for a shilling. "There—take that. It is only a tenth part of what you would have got if the attendance had met with my approval."

He gazed at the coin and his cheeks flushed. He stiffened himself up and bowed. "Sir," he said, "if you will honour the Bullionberg with your presence on some future occasion I shall hope to see your satisfaction recorded by the presentation of the handsome gratuity which your generosity usually prompts."

I retired hastily. I would have preferred to have my hat brushed the wrong way; I would rather have faced even his scornful wrath than this polite sarcasm.

Millicent, however, took a different view of his conduct. "It wasn't sarcasm," she said. "It was real admiration of your courage. You are the only man living who has dared to give him a nominal tip and he showed his respect for your bravery by treating you with the deference he would accord to a national hero. Peter, I am proud of you!"

Some day I may tell her. On my return home I discovered that, in the confusion and agony of the moment, I had given that confounded head-waiter a sovereign in mistake for a shilling.

And now I can never dine at the Bullionberg again. In my dreams I see him standing by the door, his face aglow with expectancy, while behind him hovers the swiftest-footed waiter on the whole staff.



ROAD CLEAR ?

MONTENEGRIN BANTAM (having got out of the way at the last moment). "HA! HA! GAVE YOU A NASTY SCARE THAT TIME. AND YOUR TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET. YOU'LL FIND THAT OLD BIRD ESSAD FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD."

PICKWICK FOR PARIS.

THERE may have been a French translation of *Pickwick* for many years, but it has only just come my way. As with many another book in that alluring but difficult tongue, I owe its possession to the enterprise of Messrs. NELSON, who, not satisfied with reducing the price of novels in this country and causing us to hang our sevenpences at every railway station, have now carried the war to the Continent and are making many even of the best foreign publishers look exceedingly out-of-date.

Before me lies *Aventures de M. Pickwick*, par CHARLES DICKENS, in the traduction de P. GROLIER, who should at once be made a member of the Boz Club, with all the honours that go with that state; while English schoolmasters in search of a manual by which the French language may be read to their pupils without tears should make a note of this book.

I do not say that the translation is perfect, but it will do. There may be a lack of the finest raciness, but very much of the immortal work has crossed the Channel successfully. *Sam Weller's* curious substitution of the letter "V" for the letter "W" disappears, for instance. M. GROLIER was not up to that. And certain of his idioms go too or are diluted. To give an example. *Sam*, investigating the contents of the picnic hamper on the occasion of *Mr. Pickwick's* undue partiality to cold punch, addresses the *Fat Boy* as "Young touch-and-go." M. GROLIER turns this to "jeune évaporé." The *Fat Boy*, I may remark, becomes "le gros garçon" (without capitals), and his famous speech to old *Mr. Wardle*, "I want to make your flesh creep," is watered down to "Je veux vous faire frissonner!" Turning on to the delectable Eatanswill passages (no effort being made by M. GROLIER to Gallicise the name of that borough) we meet *Mrs. Leo Hunter* as *Madame Chasselion*.

Now and then, but not often, M. GROLIER translates with an excess of zeal, as when *Captain Boldwig's* command to his men, "Wheel him [*Mr. Pickwick*] to the devil," becomes "Roulez-le à tous les diables."

But let us look at a more extended passage. Here is *Mr. Jingle's* account of his friend *Sir Thomas Blazo's* cricket match, and of course cricket alone, without any of these breathless trimmings, would be inexplicable enough to the ordinary French reader. "It must have been rather a warm pursuit in such a climate," was *Mr. Pickwick's* observation. *Mr. Jingle* then assures him that it was. Thus:

"—Echauffant? Dites brûlant! grillant!



Nervous Puttist. "I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUT WOULD YOU MIND BUTTONING UP YOUR COAT?"

dévorant! Un jour, je jouais un seul guichet contre mon ami le colonel sir Thomas Blazo, à qui ferait le plus de points. Jouant à pile ou face qui commencera, je gagne; sept heures du matin: six indigènes pour ramasser les balles. Je commence. Je renvoie toutes les balles du colonel. Chaleur intense! Les indigènes se trouvent mal. On les emporte. Une autre demi-douzaine les remplace; ils se trouvent mal de même. Blazo joue, soutenu par deux indigènes. Moi, infatigable, je lui renvoie toujours ses balles. Blazo se trouve mal aussi. Enfoncé le colonel! Moi, je ne veux pas cesser. Quanko Sambo restait seul. Le soleil était rouge, les crossez brûlaient comme des charbons ardents, les balles avaient des boutons de chaleur. Cinq cent soixante-dix points! Je n'en pouvais plus. Quanko recueille un reste de force. Sa balle renverse mon guichet; mais je prends un bain, et vais dîner.

— Et que devint ce monsieur... Chose? demanda un vieux gentleman.

— Qui? Le colonel Blazo?

— Non, l'autre gentleman.

— Quanko Sambo?

— Oui, monsieur.

— Pauvre Quanko! n'en releva jamais, quitta le jeu, quitta la vie, mourut, monsieur! En prononçant ces mots, l'étranger ensevelit

son visage dans un pot d'ale. Mais était-ce pour en savourer le contenu, ou pour cacher son émotion?"

That last passage in the dialogue is a disappointment. In the deathless English page it runs (as everyone will remember), "Poor Quanko—never recovered it—bowled on, on my account, bowled off, on his own—died, Sir."

But M. GROLIER cannot be blamed for this. *Jingle* and *Sam Weller* talked exclusively for Anglo-Saxons, if ever men did. They are no more conveyable into French than ARISTIDE BRUANT or YVETTE GUILBERT into English. But *Mr. Pickwick*—he plants his foot on the soil of *La Belle France* quite as firmly as on that of his native land. I congratulate the many French readers to whom Messrs. NELSON's enterprise is now introducing him.

A Good Thing Spoilt.

"UNQUENCHED FIRE. Just Out." Publisher's Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE gratifying announcement that Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE will appear on the operatic boards, during Mr. BEECHAM's season, in STRAUSS's *Ariadne at Naxos*, has not only caused musical and dramatic circles to vibrate with a thrill of anticipatory pleasure, but it has precipitated a number of similar decisions on the part of other eminent servants of the public. In Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE's case, however, the plunge had already been prepared by his impersonation of BEETHOVEN, in which he developed altogether unexpected talent in the character of a lightning composer.

Perhaps the most notable of these débuts is that of Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, for whom a one-act opera has been written by LEONCAVALLO, in which he will sustain the rôle of *Alessandro Scarlatti*. SCARLATTI, it will be remembered, composed no fewer than five hundred cantatas and one hundred-and-twenty operas, and in the course of the opera, which occupies about thirty-five minutes, he will be seen composing about two-hundred-and-fifty of these works, with the assistance of a new instrument called the Wireless Pianofortina. Sir GEORGE will wear the costume of the period, including the famous creaseless pantaloons invented by BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's invasion into the realm of the lyric drama will be confined to the ballet, in which he will appear with the Russian dancers under the alias of Tschukla Maudkin. He is already studying the language diligently and has attained considerable proficiency in the Cyrillic character under the famous Bessarabian Archimandrite, Igor Hopskotchky.

The visit of a famous violinist to Wormwood Scrubbs prison last Sunday, when she played to some of the inmates, has been attended by some altogether unexpected results, several hundred amateurs having volunteered their services in a similar capacity. The matter is receiving the most careful consideration from Mr. McKENNA; but we understand that he is inclined to think that the

reclamatory power of music varies directly with the skill of the artist and will not sanction any performances which are not vouched for by a committee of experts, including Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Josef Holbrooke, and Dr. Brian O'Looney.

The statement that Signor CARUSO in receiving £42,000 for sixty performances in America has established a new record in artistic remuneration has elicited a strongly-worded protest from Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, and son-in-law of Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L. Mr. Bamberger points out that during his last tour in South America not only did his receipts average £750 a performance, or about 7 per cent. higher than Signor CARUSO's, but he also con-

HOW TO DECLINE.

I MANŒUVRED Charles into the lowest of the easy-chairs, and then assumed a tactical position (or is it strategic?—I never know) on the hearth-rug.

"So, Charles," I said, beaming down on him blandly from my vantage-ground, "you find yourself at a loss in a little matter of social strategy—or tactics, Charles, if you take my fine distinction—and you come to me for advice. So-ho, my son!"

With the help of a latch-key, a three-penny-bit and a cigar-cutter, I contrived a little jingling business in my right-hand trouser pocket. Charles is a year my junior, and he had to accept my offensive attitude because he needed my help.

"You see," he said, "not wanting to marry either of her daughters, I'm getting myself into a false position by going on accepting her invitations to dinner-parties and things. But how does one *not* go to these things when one's asked?"

"Well," I replied, after thinking it out, "the thing seems to be to take a sheet of note-paper—the azure bond, not the cream laid—and write: 'Mr. Charles Caruthers deeply regrets that a—a—yes, a previous engagement prevents his accepting Mrs. Thingammy's kind invitation.' It seems a possible way out of it, Charles."

"But I haven't a previous engagement," said Charles.

"Of course not," I said kindly. "That is merely a recognised *façon de parler*, as the best people say."

"You mean," said Charles intelligently, "that it's only an excuse. But that's just my trouble. I want a way of declining that *isn't* already recognised. Just to express your regrets, giving no real reason, because the only reason is ungivable, is a contemptible, cowardly thing to do. But that's what I shall be driven to. Nowadays every excuse in the world has become fishy, and none of 'em are red herrings."

I surrendered the hearth-rug impulsively and sat down beside him.

"Charles," I said, "I will make your way smooth for you. The golden rule in refusing invitations is to accept them—promptly and with fervour."

Charles gaped. I bowed acknow-



Harassed Author (annoyed by the barking of a dog). "HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR MISTRESS THAT DOG MUST BE MADE TO STOP BARKING?"
Servant. "PLEASE, SIR, MISTRESS SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW THAT BABY'S AWAKE."

stantly received in addition a number of gifts in kind, including, *inter alia*, 240 pairs of gumboots, 63 shaving-brushes, 99 sets of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, 127 perambulators, 331 ponchos, 39 pairs of silver-mounted spurs, and a piebald guanaco.

"Thousands of people sang 'We'll keep the Red Flag Flying.'"—*Daily Citizen*.
The sight, when all the woodbines are alight, is said to be magnificent.

"As I was returning from the country to the town I met a lady accompanied by an innocent little dog, very fond, like some human beings, of hearing its own voice, as quiet as a mouse. I wondered at this, for I had never met it before without barking."

Barmouth Advertiser.

Does the writer say "Bow-wow!" to every dog he meets, or only to this particular one?

ledgment of the unlovely tribute and continued—

"Having accepted the invitation as indicated, you're all right. On the very day of the function a telegram does the rest. Something urgent intervenes, Charles. Done in that way—and in that way alone—the refusal arouses no suspicion, unless you are over-eager to allay it and exceed the limits of a sixpenny wire. There you are, Charles. Go to your work and be strong. A quick, keen acceptance—a late, brief telegram."

"Well?" I asked, metaphorically arching my back for a caress, as Charles dropped in to see me some time later.

"You perfect ass!" said Charles; from which I deduced that he had made a mess of things.

"Do you mean to say that you managed to arouse suspicion?" I exclaimed.

"The trouble of it is, I can't be sure," said Charles. "I did it perfectly. I sent the wire just about the time when I should have been dressing." He ruminated wrathfully for a minute or two. "Well, I met my hostess this morning, and was just going to tell her about the sudden chill I took on the night of her dinner-party, when she said with an acid sweetness, 'We were so sorry to get your wire the other night. Was it your *only* stud?'"

In the awful silence which followed there was no sound save the collapse of a coal in the grate and the sudden tinkle of a threepenny-bit falling against a latchkey as I moved uneasily. Then I pulled myself together.

"Charles," I said, "a manœuvre like this is of no use to a man who is so little of an artist as to choose the very last, last moment for sending a wire. Nor shall I recommend it again to one whose hostesses are possessed of such indelicate imaginations."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FEW.

[At the time of going to press, the last book of Mr. A. C. BENSON, who has recently written to *The Morning Post* in favour of the abolition of compulsory Greek, is a collection of essays republished from *The Church Family Newspaper* and entitled, *Along the Road*.]

HE was reared on the might and splendour

Of Hellas when he was young;
Shall he turn on his nurse and rend her
With popular pitiless tongue?

Still sweet with the voice of Apollo,
Still garbed in Athena's dress,
Is the phrase that our fed hearts follow,
Swift-winged as the flight of a swallow,
In the dusk of the Anglican press.



SYDNEY KING

Old Woman. "I MUST TELL YOU, DOCTOR, THAT IN OUR FAMILY THERE'S A TERRIBLE LOT O' SANITY."

I have dreamed how the college servant
Steals in through the study door;
He wades through the foolscap
fervent

That floats on the master's floor:
From the midst of his Sunday fable
He reaves him to Hall and broth,
Where still unawares in the Babel
He writes, as he eats, on the table
(Which is fearfully bad for the cloth).

On the rules of the Attic primer
He sharpened and fleshed that quill;
It knew Parnassus a climber
Or over it scaled Cornhill:
Shall it dare, O Greece, to insult your
Unhappy remains, and prey
On a poor dead tongue, like a vulture,
As it scatters the spots of culture
All over the U.S.A.?

I grant you that schoolboys' grammar
Is Ossa on Pelion piled
For the most who are blind to glamour,
But not for the brilliant child:

Ah, think what a lot the great owe
To the garden that nursed them young,
When out of the mould of PLATO
Full orb'd, like the rich potato,
Some glorious plant hath sprung.

How common the blighted bud is
Compared with the fruit one cooks,
Yet the first may have helped our studies
To groan with the BENSON books:
Ten thousand boys who were rattled
And offered the stern to the beak
May have sent from the fight embattled
One voice that would never have prattled
Without compulsory Greek.

Ah yes, for the herd may falter
In climbing the slippery mount,
But a remnant shall reach the altar
And sit by the sacred fount:
For ninety-and-nine transgressors
Against the grammatical code,
Mere indolent, dull-brained guessers,
Mr. BENSON has published (with Messrs.
J. NESBIT) *Along the Road*. EVOE.

GETTING MARRIED.

IV.—SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

"I suppose," I said, "it's too late to cancel this wedding now?"

"Well," said Celia, "the invitations are out, and the presents are pouring in, and Mother's just ordered the most melting dress for herself that you ever saw. Besides, who's to live in the flat if we don't?"

"There's a good deal in what you say. Still, I am alarmed, seriously alarmed. Look here." I drew out a printed slip and flourished it before her.

"Not a writ? My poor Ronald!"

"Worse than that. This is the St. Miriam's bill of fare for weddings. Celia, I had no idea marriage was so expensive. I thought one rolled-gold ring would practically see it."

It was a formidable document. Starting with "full choir and organ" which came to a million pounds, and working down through "boys' voices only," and "red carpet" to "policemen for controlling traffic—per policeman, 5s.," it included altogether some two dozen ways of disposing of my savings.

"If we have the whole *menu*," I said, "I shall be ruined. You wouldn't like to have a ruined husband."

Celia took the list and went through it carefully.

"I might say 'Season,'" I suggested, "or 'Press.'"

"Well, to begin with," said Celia, "we needn't have a full choir."

"Need we have an organ or a choir at all? In thanking people for their kind presents you might add, 'By the way, do you sing?' Then we could arrange to have all the warblers in the front. My best man or my solicitor could give the note."

"Boys' voices only," decided Celia. "Then what about bells?"

"I should like some nice bells. If the price is 'per bell' we might give an order for five good ones."

"Let's do without bells. You see, they don't begin to ring till we've left the church, so they won't be any good to us."

This seemed to me an extraordinary line to take.

"My dear Celia," I remonstrated, "the whole thing is being got up not for ourselves, but for our guests. We shall be much too preoccupied to appreciate any of the good things we provide—the texture of the red carpet or the quality of the singing. I dreamt last night that I quite forgot about the wedding-ring till 1.30 on the actual day, and the only cab I could find to take me to a jeweller's was drawn by a camel. Of course it may not turn out to be as bad as that, but it will certainly

be an anxious afternoon for both of us. And so we must consider the entertainment entirely from the point of view of our guests. Whether their craving is for champagne or bells, it must be satisfied."

"I'm sure they'll be better without bells. Because when the policemen call out 'Mr. Spifkins' carriage,' Mr. Spifkins mightn't hear if there were a lot of bells clashing about."

"Very well, no bells. But, mind you," I said sternly, "I shall insist on a clergyman."

We went through the rest of the *menu*, course by course.

"I know what I shall do," I said at last. "I shall call on my friend the Clerk again, and I shall speak to him quite frankly. I shall say, 'Here is a cheque for a thousand pounds. It is all I can afford—and, by the way, you'd better pay it in quickly or it will be dishonoured. Can you do us up a nice wedding for a thousand inclusive?'"

"Like the Christmas hampers at the Stores."

"Exactly. A dozen boys' voices, a half-dozen of bells, ten yards of awning, and twenty-four oranges, or vergers, or whatever it is. We ought to get a nice parcel for a thousand pounds."

"Or," said Celia, "we might send the list round to our relations as suggestions for wedding presents. I'm sure Jane would love to give us a couple of policemen."

"We'd much better leave the whole thing to your father. I incline more and more to the opinion that it is *his* business to provide the wedding. I must ask my solicitor about it."

"He's providing the bride."

"Yes, but I think he might go further. I can't help feeling that the bells would come very well from him. 'Bride's father to bridegroom—A peal of bells.' People would think it was something in silver for the hall. It would do him a lot of good in business circles."

"And that reminds me," smiled Celia, "there's been some chat about a present from Miss Popley."

I have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to get married decently unless one's life is ordered on some sort of system. Mine never has been; and the result is that I make terrible mistakes—particularly in the case of Miss Popley. At the beginning of the business, when the news got round to Miss Popley, I received from her a sweet letter of congratulation. Knowing that she was rather particular in these matters I braced myself up and thanked her heartily by return of post. Three days later, when looking for a cheque I had lost, I accidentally came across her letter. "Eving's!" I cried.

"This came days ago, and I haven't answered yet." I sat down at once and thanked her enthusiastically. Another week passed and I began to feel that I must really make an effort to catch my correspondence up; so I got out all my letters of congratulation of the last ten days and devoted an afternoon to answering them. I used much the same form of thanks in all of them . . . with the exception of Miss Popley's, which was phrased particularly warmly.

So much for that. But Miss Popley is Celia's dear friend also. When I made out my list of guests I included Miss Popley; so, in her list, did Celia. The result was that Miss Popley received two invitations to the wedding . . . Sometimes I fear she must think we are pursuing her.

"What does she say about a present?" I asked.

"She wants us to tell her what we want."

"What *are* we to say? If we said an elephant—"

"With a small card tied on to his ear, and 'Best wishes from Miss Popley' on it. It would look heavenly among the other presents."

"You see what I mean, Celia. Are we to suggest something worth a thousand pounds, or something worth ninepence? It's awfully kind of her, but it makes it jolly difficult for us."

"Something that might cost anything from ninepence to a thousand pounds," suggested Celia.

"Then that washes out the elephant."

"Can't you get the ninepenny ones now?"

"I suppose," I said, reverting to the subject which most weighed on me, "she wouldn't like to give the men's voices for the choir?"

"No, I think a clock," said Celia. "A clock can cost anything you like—or don't like."

"Right-o. And perhaps we'd better settle now—When it comes, how many times shall we write and thank her for it?"

Celia considered. "Four times, I think," she said.

Well, as Celia says, it's too late to draw back now. But I shall be glad when it's all over. As I began by saying, there's too much "arranging" and "settling" and "fixing" about the thing for me. In the necessary negotiations and preparations I fear I have not shone. And so I shall be truly glad when we have settled down in our flat . . . and Celia can restore my confidence in myself once more by talking loudly to her domestic staff about "The Master." A. A. M.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



876
HEARTLESS HOLIDAY-MAKERS
LEAVE THEIR DOG AT HOME.
(NOTE THE REFINEMENT OF
CRUELTY INDICATED BY THE
HOUR-GLASS.)



316
"NARROW SQUEAK THAT
TIME; NEARLY LEFT OUT OF
THE PICTURE."



237
THE BALEFUL EFFECT OF RAC-
TIME ON MODERN PAINTING.



811
"DODGING THE PANTHER"—A NEW SENSATION AT
A SOUTH COAST RESORT.



806
The Photographer. "LOOK TOWARDS THE CAMERA,
BOTH OF YOU. THANK YOU!"



269
THE COLIDROME TRIO REHEARSING THEIR CLEVER
JUGGLING, WEIGHT-LIFTING AND MUSICAL TURN.



575
RESULT OF A LIGHTNING STRIKE OF WAITERS AT THE
HOTEL BLITZ.



431
The Ancient Mariner.
"HEAVENS! ANOTHER ALBA-
TROSS!"



303
EMBARRASSING SITUATION OF
LOVERS WHO SOUGHT SECLUSION
BY THE SERPENTINE ON A SUM-
MER EVENING.

Cupid (on right). "COME ON,
YOU FELLOWS; SUCH FUN!"



201
THE COLLIE REFUSES TO TAKE
UP THE GAUNTLET THROWN BY
THE BULL-TERRIER.



"THESE FINE OLD THEOLOGICAL WORKS DON'T APPEAR TO BE A VERY SALEABLE COMMODITY WITH YOU, MY MAN."
 "WELL, SIR, THE WAY IS, WE BUYS THE BOOKS IN LOTS, AN' WE 'AS TO TAKE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD."

LYRA LUNATICA.

I.

[Attributed to the effect (on an inmate) of *The Spectator's* discovery of "a malicious mare's nest."]

If only a mare has a kindly heart
 It is all the same to me,
 Tho' she nest in the shafts of a market
 cart
 Or the fork of a chestnut-tree;
 Watching her build where the copse is
 dense,
 Or out in the new-mown hay,
 If I see but a trace of benevolence,
 I bear it as best I may.

If the nest of a mare displays no spite
 When harbouring its young,
 However I marvel at the sight
 My withers are still unwrung;
 Tho' an Arab barb or a Clydesdale colt
 Burst from the shell I touch,
 And change to a cob at the autumn
 moult,
 I should not mind it much.

I can do with a snark or a basilisk,
 Or a phoenix free from vice,
 My wits are tolerably brisk
 In front of a cockatrice;
 But a thing there is no brain can bear,
 Yea, two my reason test—
 The nest of a too malicious mare,
 And a mare's malicious nest.

II.

[“The districts of Banjaluka and Bi-Gatch show a great Orthodox preponderance.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 6th.]

GREEN Erin in her *Poul-na-phuca*
 Still finds a refuge for Old Scratch;
 But Bosnia boasts her Banjaluka
 And proudly swears Bi-Gatch!

Spain's daughters in the gay cachuca
 Are very, very hard to match;
 But I prefer the Banjaluka;
 I do indeed, Bi-Gatch!

The Turk finds solace in his hookah;
 The duteous hen delights to hatch;
 And when men ask you “Banjaluka?”
 The answer is “Bi-Gatch.”

Great Britain glories in Bonduca;
 The States in *Mrs. Wiggs's* patch;
 But Bosnia plumps for Banjaluka,
 And so do I, Bi-Gatch!

COMPENSATION AT LAST.

I HAVE lived to bless the name of
 Mr. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Let it be
 recorded in deathless ink.

A few days ago I was introduced to
 a man named Wilverley. This morning
 I met him in the street, and he greeted
 me with a friendliness which at once
 aroused my suspicions.

“Good morning, Mr. Smith,” he
 cried. “I hope you are perfectly fit?”

“So, so, thanks,” I admitted grudgingly. Was it concert tickets, I wondered, or fountain pens, or a loan?

“What a lovely morning!” he continued, waving his hand patronisingly towards the heavens. “Beautiful morning!”

“Pretty fair,” I replied, “considering all things.”

And then I saw what it was. Protruding from his breast pocket was a folded paper, upon the top of which I could distinguish the words “Insurance Company.”

“Well, good-bye, Mr. Wilverley,” I said, “I must be getting on to the office.”

“Good-bye, Mr. Smith,” said he. “Oh, by the way,” he added, “are you insured? I’m agent for the—”

“Oh, yes,” I answered unhesitatingly. “Been insured ever since last July. But I shall be pleased to recommend any of my friends to you. Good-bye.”

As I made good my escape I reflected that, though poverty is an essential qualification for the enjoyment of its privileges, there is something after all to be said for the Stamp-licking Act.

An advertisement reaches us of a
 “Patent Slug Trap”:—

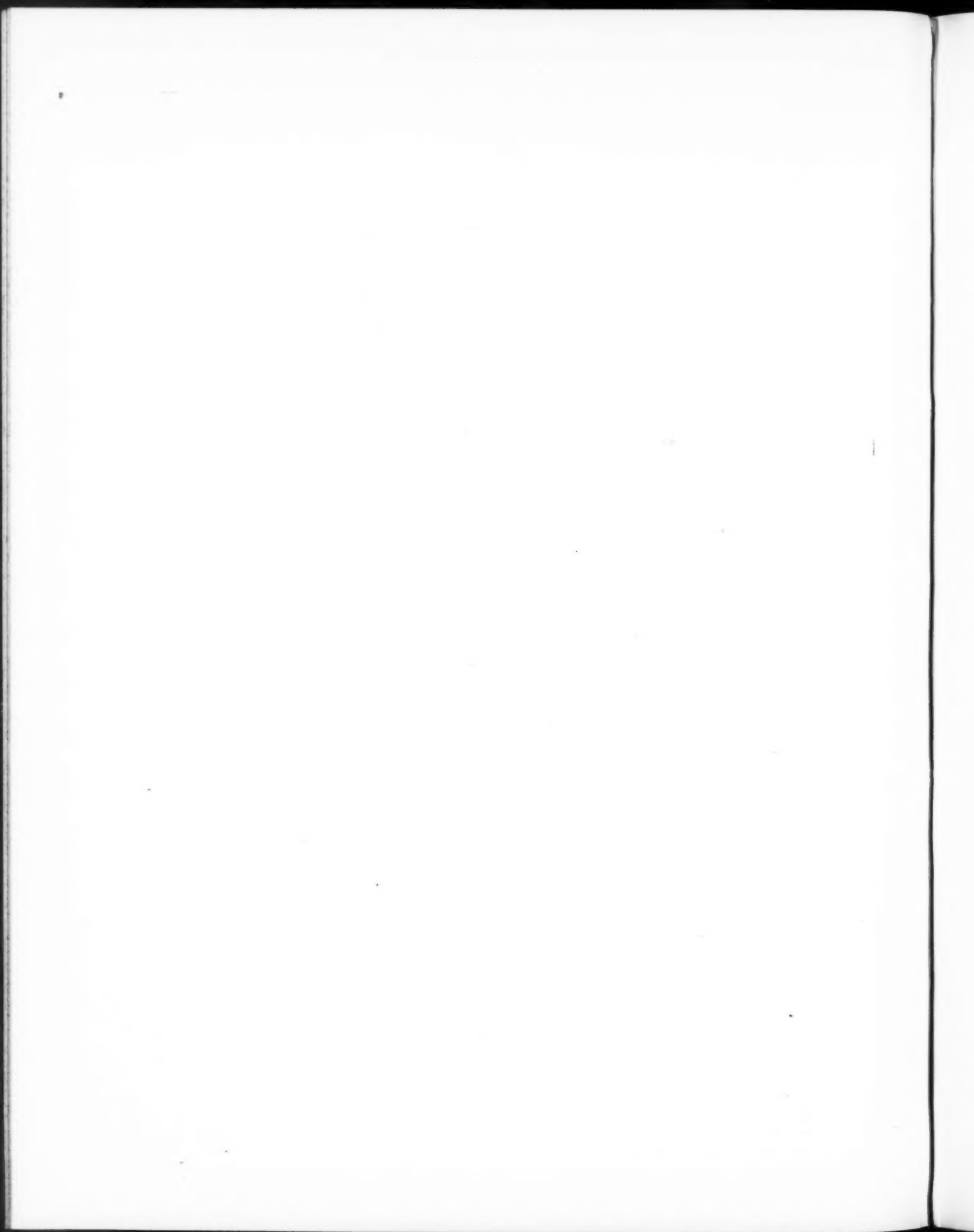
“Price 1/6 each; 2 for 3/5; 3 for 5/-; 6 for 9/6.”

One at a time for us.



THE WINGS OF VICTORY.

BRITANNIA. "THESE THINGS SEEM ALL THE RAGE IN PARIS AND BERLIN; AND I REALLY CAN'T AFFORD TO BE OUT OF IT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, May 5.—Lord NEWTON's conspicuous success as a Parliament man is result of education in several schools. To diplomacy he gave six years of a young life. He was trained in War by the Imperial Yeomanry. Best of all, he sat in the House of Commons for thirteen years. With exception of Lord ROSEBURY, ever a star apart, and Lord LANSDOWNE, handicapped by circumstance, all prominent peers have served apprenticeship in rough-riding school of House of Commons and have benefited accordingly.

Lord HALSBURY has certain dominant qualities constitutionally congenial to the hereditary Chamber. To complete the fitness of things he ought to have been born to a coroneted crib. As it is he stands almost the last survivor of that full-blooded courageous Conservatism which sixty years ago was the very life of House of Lords. Yet he too passed through the mill. A full eight years he represented Launceston in the Commons.

His associations with the place were not calculated to endear its memory. To begin with, unlike STERNE's imprisoned bird who "could not get out," he couldn't get in. For nearly two years he held office as Solicitor-General without a seat in Parliament. Crushed at Cardiff, left in the lurch at Launceston, hustled at Horsham, named as probable starter at every election race in the three kingdoms, the blushing borough of Launceston, on second wooing, yielded to his ardent advances.

Then came catastrophe. Arrived at Table with intent to take the oath, he was challenged by the Clerk for production of writ of return. He hadn't got it, at least couldn't find it. In full gaze of four hundred gentlemen, quizzing, laughing and cheering, he proceeded to make deliberate search among contents of his pockets. Never before was man unconnected with the Post Office discovered in possession of so many letters. In course of search Table was littered as if a mail-bag had burst open. In the end—and such an unconscionably long way to the end!—the document



"Almost the last survivor."
(Lord HALSBURY.)

was found in his hat below the Bar where he had left it when waiting to be called up by the SPEAKER.

That is long ago. The HARDINGE GIFFARD of the 'seventies has blossomed into the Earl of HALSBURY, who crowned a prolonged and useful career by leading attack on the Budget, which in swift



Lord NEWTON at the final fence in the
"Betting Inducement" Stakes.

succession of courses resulted in its being thrown out, the passing of the Parliament Act, and the present position of the long predominant partner in the legislative firm.

Lord NEWTON, being, as he said to-night, "of abnormally modest disposition," has since he went to the House of Lords worked more obscurely. In his too-infrequent speeches he brings to a jaded atmosphere wholesome whiffs of House of Commons' manner. However dull debate may be, when he rises to continue it instant change is wrought. The sun shines where of late leaden clouds prevailed. His humour is inclined to be mordant but is not therefore less acceptable. Noble lords who bestow the decorous tribute of a smile upon peers disposed to make merriment have more than once been known to laugh heartily at Lord NEWTON's quips and cranks. Withal he is a man of business, as is testified by the success with which he piloted on its way to the Statute Book an exceptionally difficult Bill.

Business done.—Lord NEWTON's Betting Inducement Bill passed through Committee and read a third time. House adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Variable in its moods, of late the prevalent one dolefully dull, the House to-night rose to highest level. Apart from particular question at issue, circumstances peculiar, even unique. By common consent, and indeed of necessity, agreed that problem of Female Suffrage shall stand outside the arena of Party politics. Necessity arises from recognition that on this topic Ministerialists and the Opposition are pretty equally divided among themselves. On Treasury Bench to-night PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY answered each other and voted in different Lobbies. On Front Opposition Bench there is parallel situation. Here was opportunity to reach the ideal of conference—a state of things in which, fearless of the Whip, ignoring prejudice, men on both sides might proclaim the faith that is in them and by reasoned argument endeavour to convince those who denounced it.

Happily PREMIER interposed early in debate, lifting it on to lofty plane, from which it did not fall. As he said, his was



THIS YOUNG MAN, WHO HAS BEEN IMPROVING HIS MENTAL FORCE AND WILL-POWER THROUGH A CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, IS ABOUT TO ASK A RISE IN SALARY FROM THE MANAGER, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A HOLIDAY.



BUT THE MANAGER HAS BEEN SPENDING HIS HOLIDAY IN IMPROVING HIS MENTAL FORCE AND WILL-POWER THROUGH THE SAME COLLEGE.

a difficult position. He found himself at issue not only with large numbers of his supporters, but with Members of his Cabinet. Crowded House touched by personal note of his reference to Sir EDWARD GREY, a friend of twenty-seven years' ever-growing intimacy, with whom he now found himself at odds. FOREIGN SECRETARY'S response to this lament equally touching in its simplicity and dignity. WALTER LONG crowned an episode peculiar to, perhaps only possible in, the House of Commons. Amid general cheering he paid tribute to "the fine courage and unruffled dignity with which the PRIME MINISTER had faced opposition of a kind that was a discredit and a disgrace to the whole country."

Anticipated that much would be said about the women who during past twelve months have supplied object-lessons of the fitness of their sex to exercise the franchise by blowing up houses, assaulting Cabinet Ministers, attempting to burn a crowded theatre, polluting pillar letter-boxes and turning their private residences into laboratories for concoction of infernal machines. Here again example set by PREMIER prevailed. He generously ignored advantage these unwomanly pranks lent to his argument. LORD BOB, greatly daring, dragged in DEBORAH, whom F. E. SMITH in a sparkling speech hailed as the pioneer of the militancy of late disturbing public peace. Otherwise the hooligans were left severely alone, as they ought to be left when they shut themselves in on top of the Monument or chain themselves to grille of House of Commons.

At eleven o'clock crowded House melted away into Division Lobbies.

Tellers presently returned with news that the Bill proposing to add six million women to the Parliamentary electoral register had been refused a Second Reading by 266 votes against 219.

Business done.—Female Suffrage Bill thrown out.

Thursday.—Adjourned for Whitsun Recess. Back again on the 27th.

MARJORIE ON THE TURF.

I was considering a voluminous brief when the telephone rang.

"Yes," I said.

"Is that you, Dick?" said a girl's voice.

"I'm not sure," I replied guardedly.

"Who is that?"

"Me, Marjorie, your cousin. Your father was my mother's brother, you know."

"Enough," I said. "Good morning, Marjorie."

"Good morning. I say, Dick, do call in on your way home. It's business, most important."

"Business?"

"Yes, I'm in an awful hurry now; good-bye."

I returned to the brief, marvelling. Marjorie, I reflected, was a butterfly; business, on the other hand, was business.

I pondered on the matter for the rest of the morning; in the afternoon I was nearly worried about it. Eventually the day passed.

It was about half-past six when I arrived at my Aunt's house. Marjorie met me in the hall and conducted me mysteriously into the drawing-room.

"Now," she began, "I've got a brilliant idea. You'll never guess it.

I'm going to put my new Summer hat on a horse." She smiled at me.

"What on earth for?" I asked rather shortly.

The drawing-room is an uncomfortable room, and my Aunt doesn't allow smoking.

"A bet, of course."

"It seems rather futile. The horse will probably ruin your hat. He'll shake it off and trample on it."

"Don't be absurd," said Marjorie. "I'm going to back a horse with the money for my new hat."

I looked at her sternly. "I don't approve of girls on the turf."

"I can't help that."

"Neither does Aunt Lillian."

Marjorie laughed. "She won't know. Now here's three pounds. Will you put it on Belinda? They are taking and offering ten to one, so I shall get thirty pounds."

She handed me two sovereigns and a lot of silver.

"But why put three pounds on a ten-to-one chance?" I asked; "and in any case I can buy a hat for ten-and-sixpence."

Marjorie produced a newspaper cutting.

"Belinda is in the 2.30 to-morrow. I chose her because of my own name," she explained.

I thought for some minutes.

"But there's no possible connection between Belinda and Marjorie."

"That's just it. I'm so fearfully unlucky that I chose a name as different from my own as possible. I must go now or I'll be late for dinner. Would you like to see Mother?"

I coughed. "Er—I must hurry away, too," I said.

I happened to meet a racing man in



THE IMPATIENT WARRIOR.

Territorial (put on sentry over stores). "ARE-FAST FOUR AND NO BLOOMIN' WAR YET!"

the train next morning and I mentioned Belinda to him casually.

"There's only one horse in the 2.30," he said, "and that's Bluebottle the Fourth. Belinda has no earthly."

I telephoned to Marjorie as soon as I got to my chambers.

"Belinda," I said, "has no earthly." Marjorie was indignant. "He has; he did some useful five-furlong work yesterday."

"There's only one horse in the 2.30," I insisted, "and that's Bluebottle the Fourth."

"No! How extraordinary!"

"Why?"

"I was nearly stung by a gnat at breakfast. Dick, I think I'll back him. How much shall I get for three pounds?"

"Three pounds."

"Yes, three pounds. What do I win?"

"Three pounds."

"Yes, that's right. Three pounds. How much do I win?"

"Three pounds. Bluebottle starts at evens, one to one, two to two, and so on."

"Oh, I see." Marjorie hesitated. "It's so awkward," she explained. "If I can't make enough for a new frock I'd rather not risk my hat. . . . I

know! Put a pound on Belinda and the rest on Bluebottle. Good-bye."

Ten minutes later the telephone rang again.

"Yes," I said.

"Have you done it, Dick?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, good. Then put ten shillings on Belinda; one pound ten on Bluebottle, and a pound on Winter."

"Winter?"

"Yes, Winter. Good-bye."

"Entrance of Spring," I murmured.

I put the receiver back and looked carefully through the racing news, after which I got into communication with Marjorie once more.

"Winter," I explained, "is a jockey."

"Oh, then choose the next best horse after Bluebottle."

"But, my dear girl—"

"Ring off," Marjorie interrupted; "here's Mother."

I rang off.

I called at Aunt Lillian's on my way home as before.

"Well," said Marjorie excitedly, when we had gained the drawing-room, "what have I won?"

I handed her a little account.

"You lost," I explained, "ten shillings on Belinda. Debit ten shillings."

"But I didn't back Debit."

"Debit is a term in accountancy. To continue: you lost one pound on Miss Slippery, the next best horse to Bluebottle, starting at three to two. Total loss, one pound ten."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Now we turn to credit." I became more cheerful. "On Bluebottle at evens you won one pound ten. Total balance, debit or credit nil."

"Which means?" she inquired anxiously.

"You're square." I handed her the original three pounds.

Marjorie heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, that's all right," she said. "Now I can buy my new hat."

"LORD ST. FLOWER BOXES."

Headline in "Liverpool Express."

The recreations of the lesser-known peers are always a subject of interest to us.

"May it mew, like the eagle, its mighty youth!"—*Saturday Review*.

"Do eagles mew?" is the problem that is stirring educated London to its depths just now.

EPISTLE TO THOMAS BLACK,

CAT TO THE SOANE MUSEUM.

PARDON, dear Sir, if with intrusive pen
I would remind you that we met last week;
Not that you showed me any favour then,
Nor that I have forgot the infernal cheek
You tendered to your fellow-citizen,
Vailing your yellow eyes, where black and sleek
You graced the hearth-rug in the glittering gloom
Of Sir JOHN SOANE'S be-mirrored breakfast-room.

Which snub to soften, an official leant,
Hinting, behind his tactful fingers, that
It was but seldom that you *quite* unbent,
Being almost a statutory cat;
If not retained by Act of Parliament
(As is your noble shrine) at least you sat,
Kept up by twenty shillings and tradition,
As part and parcel of the exhibition.

For when (he added in an undertone)
Each Reynolds, Fuseli and Bartolozzi,
Hogarth and Lawrence was bequeathed by SOANE
With Roman marbles and Athenian pots, he
Begrudged to leave them lifeless and alone,
So, having ranged them in appropriate spots, I o
Said, "There shall be a cat," and in effect you 're
His last word in Domestic Architecture.

Thus far Authority. Now, might I ask it,
How came you, Thomas, by this lofty station
From kittenhood and the maternal basket?
Was there, perchance, some stiff examination
Such as tests candidates whose pleasant task it
Is to advance the cause of education—
In places advertised you often see 'em,
On outside pages of *The Athenæum*?

And how were you appointed? Was it fate or
The cat before, some mid-Victorian mouser,
Left you the seat Death bade him abdicate, or
Did hirelings kidnap you like Kaspar Hauser?
Did rich relations canvass the Curator
And the Trustees on your behalf? Allow, Sir,
Some little light to dawn upon the mystery
Of Thomas Black his entrance into History.

Oh! happy he for whom does not exist
Our later London—that superb disaster,
Who, in his Georgian hermitage has missed
Our schemes of girders overlaid with plaster,
Who has not met a Post-Impressionist
Nor heard a maniac acclaimed a master,
But sits with those who draw their weekly salary
Soothed by dim models of the Dulwich Gallery!

For, be their outlook dull, at least 'tis clean.
Not so the cat's, whose whole existence spent is
In some half-lighted haunt of the obscene—
The studio of that modern idle 'prentice
Who thinks he has the trick of HOGARTH'S spleen
(Of course he's twice the draughtsman) if his bent is
To paint that vice with intimate elation
Which HOGARTH limned, apart, with detestation.

All this you're spared; and so you might have paid
Some courtesy to those—a very few—
Who come, withdrawn from that exterior shade,
To spend an hour with sanity and you;

And when you saw that I had gladly stayed,
Not closed your eye-lids and our interview,
But told me what the contents of each case meant
And let me come with you to see the basement.

Yet, after all, you know your part; doze on;
You are no common cat, you rather seem,
If not the incarnation of Sir JOHN,
To be at least the creature of his dream;
Visitors enter, sign their names, are gone—
You stay, the centre of his classic scheme.
Blink not an ear for me—'twere not expedient—
But let me rest, Dear Sir, your most obedient.

CINEMA WHENS.

WHEN any kind of a shop fails it becomes a picture-palace.

When a picture-palace fails it becomes a white elephant.
When a British officer has nothing else to do he stands outside a picture-palace in undress uniform and fingers a little black cane.

When a film is preceded by a certificate signed by the Censor, saying that he has approved of it, the audience's anticipatory excitement is rarely excessive.

When a strong wind rakes the sitting-room, disturbing the dresses or aprons of the women and blowing the curtains and papers about, you may know that you are witnessing an American drama.

When a series of luminous dots suddenly breaks out on the picture, you know that relief is at hand, for the film is nearly over.

When a film is in three parts it is time to go.

When half-a-dozen persons in the same film write letters they all do it in the same hand-writing, usually that of a foreign clerk.

When a servant brings in one of these letters you know that you too will have to read it directly.

When you have read it once you know that it will be thrown on the sheet again a little later.

When you have read it the second time you know that the chances are you will see it still once more.

When a man in his shirt-sleeves appears in a cow-boy drama he is a sheriff.

When in a comic film you see a hose-pipe, you may know it's going to play upon some one.

When the lights suddenly go up, many couples in the audience, particularly in the gallery, are disturbed, and show it.

When the lights go down again they are happier.

"It is not sufficiently well known that one of the professors at Manchester University (Dr. Perkins) has after three years' experiments devised a process of making flannelette absolutely inflammable."
Daily Chronicle.

We don't wish to discourage Dr. PERKINS from any further experiments, but we fear that his three years' endeavour to find a substitute for coal will be wasted on the public.

"On Dr. Leigh being asked whether he preferred making a statement or be placed on cats and cross-examined, he said he would like to render a statement to the Council."—*Bloemfontein Friend.*
Yet one can face anything on porridge.

"The Traffic on the London Road.—In our article on this subject last week, reference was made to Mr. Searle, of 'the White Lion' Hotel. It ought to have read 'the White Inn.' It ought to have read 'the White Horse Horse.'"—*Herts Advertiser.*
Anyhow, it's white.

SHOP.

THE Club Annual Dinner Season has now opened, and our special representative sends us his report of a very notable function which he attended last night. We have pleasure in publishing his account of the proceedings, as they appear to have been organised and carried out in a manner so appropriate as to serve as a model of what such entertainments should be:—

MESSRS. STARCHAL AND SELFGROVE.

The members of the mixed hockey club attached to this well-known emporium held their annual dinner and soirée at the Remnant Gallery on the 15th, when an altogether enjoyable evening was spent.

The rooms were tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion, even the gas-brackets being supplied with mantles. The floral scheme was carried out in stocks.

Punctually at 6.3 the company sat down to the following menu:—

Chiffons.
Crêpe de chine
Torchon.
Mannequins.
Sauce mousseline de soie.
Le dernier cri.
Panne. Tulle.
Eau de nil. Suède.

After dinner the hockey president, who plays at full back, gave the annual address, his thesis being that "one half often doesn't know how the other halves live." Incidentally he discussed the famous Pass of Killiecrankie. On one side it had been urged that the pass was a clean and beautiful one; on the other, that it couldn't be called a real pass, the extremists holding that Killiecrankie never passed at all.

During the address there was a cry of "Fire!" It appeared that some of the new spring shades were blazing, but owing to promptness in turning on the open-work hose little or no damage was done.

The proceedings concluded with a capital concert and dramatic entertainment. Among the items most applauded were *The Song of the Shirt*, feelingly sung by Miss Black (Blouses); *The Inch Tape Rock*, a powerful recitation by Mr. Lapels (Ladies' Tailoring); a scene from *Measure for Measure*, excellently enacted by the young ladies of the Combinations Department; and the evergreen quartette, *White Sales*, they never grow weary, in the chorus of which all present heartily joined.

Altogether a most enjoyable time was spent, and everyone left in high spirits at 11.3.



She. "THERE'S A SMART EVENING GOWN. WHO IS IT A PORTRAIT OF?"
He. "CAN'T SAY, BUT THE TITLE IS, 'READY FOR THE BATH.'"

THIRTY MINUTES LATE.

WALLFLOWERS in the station-master's garden,

Please, your pardon,
But I've waited for the train for nearly
five-and-twenty minutes,
And I've seen our only porter shoo the
little olive linnets

From the apple-blossom's petals,
While the smooth and shiny metals
Run all empty up and down,
To and from the Town of London—
London Town,
And what else is there to do
If I may not talk to you?

Now there's something in your restful
yellow tawny,
Soft and lawny—

Looking faces that can calm a rather
righteous irritation,
And your scent, with tar and sunshine,
fills our humble little station
With a country smell and proper
That distillers never stopper,
And that gold could never buy,
Though you search the shops of London
till you die;
For 'tis home and May and mirth,
So 'tis all that's best on earth!

"Mr. Villiers Stanley, as Crawford the villain of the piece, and Miss Beatrice Western, as the villainess, were rewarded for their efforts by many kisses from the audience, which showed that they acted their respective parts to the life."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.
Alas for an age where vice is so popular.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

"You never can tell," said the girl who helped in the Flat, "when a man's going to mike a fool of 'isself. Some on 'em does it young—I've known a tidy few like that, comin' messin' about the 'ouse, or oglin' the front door, or tryin' to mike love to the parlour winders when they fancy you're a-settin' be'ind them, and you ain't near the plice. It seems a silly wye to go on, don't it, but they will do it and you can't elp yerself. Then there's others, old men, I mean, that's gone on all their lives mikin' money—ah, and investin' of it too—and gettin' their 'eads bald with all the wise things they've bin plannin' at, and it all goes pop sudden-like jest as if they'd bin a bottle o' ginger beer and all the 'idden foolishness comes foam'in' out. If you don't stop 'em in time they'll go on till they're empty.

"We've 'ad a example o' that in our own fam'ly, and the man as give the example was Uncle Bill. O' course you'd never 'a' thought it of 'im, 'e's that venrable-lookin', with a great gold chain 'angin' acrorst 'is weskit and a long black coat and shiny boots. You can always tell with your eyes shut when Uncle Bill's walkin' anywhere, 'is boots creak so. Father says a small 'ouse ain't no good to Uncle Bill. 'E wants a palis to show 'isself orf in, bein' sich a creaker as 'e is. But there, when you come to be a matter o' seventeen stone you must 'ave a bit o' shoe leather under you to keep you up, and a man as 'as got 'ouse property and money put away I reckon e' can afford to mike a noise and nobody ain't goin' to throw it up in their fices, as the sayin' is. Besides, Uncle Bill's gettin' on in life. Father says more'n sixty autumns 'as passed over 'is 'ead and took what's left of 'is 'air; but Uncle don't mind. 'E used to say 'e's never wanted to be nothin' but a bachelore, and as 'e's never gone courtin' e' 'asn't 'ad to worry 'isself about lookin' as smart as some.

"Since we 'ad that little trouble about the Montynegroes we 'adn't seen much of Uncle, and we didn't know what 'e'd bin up to. 'Owever last Sunday mornin' 'e sends a letter round to mother sayin' as 'e'll come round and drink a cup o' tea if agreeable, and there was a poscrip marked 'privit and confident' to say 'e was 'opin' to bring some one with him, but 'e won't tell mother 'oo it is till they meet fice to fice, when 'e's sure they'll mike a good impression on theirselves. As soon as she reads it mother shouts out, 'The ole fool's bin got 'old of by one o' them designers—I know the sort—and she'll 'ave the banns called afore we can lift a 'and to save 'im.' Father larked and said, if so, it was a judgment on Uncle Bill for not 'avin' bin married afore; but, any'ow, mother oughtn't to 'oller before she knew; p'raps Uncle Bill was meanin' to bring the Duke o' DEVONSHIRE or the Archbishop o' CANTERBURY to 'ave a taste o' mother's tea-kikes. Father always is one for 'is jokes when 'e's in a good temper.

"Well, when tea-time come we was all on the gog, as you may say, and we 'adn't bin settin' there for more'n a minnit afore we 'eard Uncle Bill's boots a-creakin', with another pair o' boots pit-pattin' along with 'em. 'Oo was right?' says mother; but she couldn't say no more, for Uncle Bill come in and walks up to mother and says quick and whisperin' like, 'I've brought Miss Mumbles. She's—well, you'll see what she is when you see 'er. You and 'er's sure to 'it it orf.'

"'Bring 'er in,' says mother quite proud and cold, and Uncle goes out and fetches Miss Mumbles in. My eye, but she was one for colours—dark blue silk dress and red ribbons and a 'at with a long feather and a grey perlissee—you never see sich a set-out. Forty if she was a day she was, but she 'ad a fine 'igh colour and larked very pleasant and took 'er tea with 'er gloves on jest like a lidy.

"At first there warn't no talk—jest a word or two about the 'orrid weather, and what would the Suffragettes be up to next, and 'ow well the Queen was lookin'; but arter a bit father began to dror out Uncle Bill, and 'e set to work on 'is politics in fine style, and father pertendin' to agree with 'im, and Miss Mumbles settin' there and admirin' 'im. At last Uncle Bill begun to think 'e was mikin' a speech and 'e banged on the table and opened 'is mouth, and before you could say 'pip' 'is false teeth, the 'ole set of 'em, dropped out on the table in front of 'im. 'You've lost your mouse-trap, Bill,' says father, and Uncle Bill ketches 'em up and pops 'em in agin. But 'e was too late. Miss Mumbles 'ad seen 'em, and she give a shriek and called out that she never could a-bear false teeth, and then she goes orf into 'igh strikes. 'Ow we got 'er and Uncle Bill away I can't rightly say, but Uncle come round the next day and told mother 'e'd done with women, and if 'e'd known 'ow false they was 'e'd never 'a' took up with 'em. It made father larf till 'e cried. 'E ain't got over it yet.'

FUTILITY.

Now dawns the annual poetic prime,

When, for some reason, every bardic breast
Thrills to a flow of fresh and fruitful rhyme,
And be it said, to some extent, that I'm
No better than the rest.

I too, like these, would make the echoes ring;

Like theirs, my fleeting hopes wax free and fine;
Only, as soon as I begin to sing,
My Muse inevitably runs to Spring;
And there I draw the line.

Whate'er the theme by which my heart is stirred,

Epic or excerpt from the Daily Press,
It matters not; before I write one word,
Thoughts of a cuckoo or some silly bird
Doom me to nothingness.

And, tho' I crush them down and strive for hours

To turn my well-known grace and famous ease
On to the job in hand, my noblest powers
Are chilled by a stern need to sing of flowers
Or, just as likely, trees.

'Tis a strange thing, this influence in the air;

In point of fact, this month that men call sweet
Makes no appeal to me. I do not care
For the young growth that others hold so fair,
Or birds, except to eat.

But there the fact remains. With each new day

I want to sing; I feel inclined to soar;
And when my dearest dreams are thrown away
I am annoyed. I find much fault with May
For putting in her oar.

To give a poet's Muse an upward shove,

Then hold her down, is neither good nor wise;
Of course there still remains the topic, Love;
But that's the very subject which, above

All others, I despise.

DUM-DUM.

"Lady Catherine de Burgh regarded the world below her own as all alike. Mr. Collins and Emma were alike underbred in her eyes."—*Spectator*.

Ah, why didn't JANE AUSTEN record for us the historic meeting between *Lady Catherine* and *Emma*? Or was only the Editor of *The Spectator* present?



("A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.")

JONES HAS JUST MADE ONE OF HIS BEST JOKES IN A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AMONG writers of good fiction I should call that clever lady, Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE, the most entirely feminist. Mothers are perhaps her favourites, but in all her stories *Place aux Dames* is the prevailing motto. I found this note as strong as ever in her latest, though at first sight you would naturally expect a book called *Michael Ferrys* (SMITH ELDER) to be chiefly about *Michael Ferrys*. Later you find that it is much more about the women who were in love with him. There were three of these, or four if you include the rather battered sentiment of *Mrs. Carseleigh*—an admirably suggested character, by the way, whom I should have liked in greater detail. The others were *Winefride*, to whom he was engaged, her young sister *Thekla*, and *Edith*, who loved him most of all, and should have secured the prize if I had been consulted. But you must not imagine *Michael* himself to be a mere lay figure. Far from it. The struggles of this ingenuous and engaging young millionaire between love and honesty are admirably true and human. The trouble was that *Winefride* came of an old Catholic house, and couldn't marry *Michael* unless he moved over to her own faith. *Michael* had no religion at all, except a kindly optimism, and wouldn't pretend, even to marry the lady of his heart. You observe that the author has here a difficult and delicate task; I think no one could find offence in her treatment of it, which is both fair and honest. I liked the last pages enormously; they are a model in the art of suggestion and restraint. A pleasant story, laid among somewhat graver issues than most, but none the less attractive.

If the author of *The Ambassadors* (HEINEMANN) had not assured us that his name is WILLIAM WRIOTHESLEY, one might have suspected him of belonging to another gender, so womanly is his interest in his heroine's tea-gowns (a "lovely loose-draped diaphanous thing," "a long loose drapery thing"), and so marked is his lack of reticence on sex-matters. Indeed, one story that he wantonly drags in is of so strange an impropriety that it must have escaped his pen in a moment of extreme emasculation. The scenes are chiefly laid in Berlin, where Mr. WRIOTHESLEY seems to have had a nodding acquaintance with Embassy circles. Of side-lights on their official aspect we get little, but a great deal of gossip on the part of the womenfolk, whose wit, if we may judge by samples, he sadly overrates. A cosmopolitan (he has visited Venice and even gone so far afield as the Acropolis), he enjoys a greater command of foreign tags of speech than of his own language, in which he permits himself certain solecisms—"acquiescence to," "accredited" for "credited," "to lay off her things." But a worse blot on the book is the character of the alleged "hero," *Prince Lichtenfeld*. One would not have minded his being so preposterous a cad if he had not shattered our faith in two delightful and intelligent women, *Alexa*, and her stepmother the British *Ambassadors*; for it was past belief that the one should fall in love with him and the other approve him as an eligible. *Ronalds*, of the American Embassy, is a pleasant utility man for whom the *Ambassadors* cultivates a Platonic affection not without its charm, if only they had subjected it to rather less analysis. Indeed, all through his book the author encourages his people to talk too much, and then at the end makes up for lost time by compressing into a single chapter the solution of his problem, based on

the fable that "Ambassadors' daughters never marry." Here, her poor little brother *Paul*, an attractive figure, has at the shortest notice to be paralysed in a motor accident for the too obvious reason that *Alexa* must somehow secure a mission in life, if only as an amateur nurse. Apart from the freshness of its scenes, Mr. WRIOTHESLEY's work has the merit of promise rather than of achievement.

"Pipe on, Master Chance: be it sad or gay, I'll trip to your measure." So the old play, quoted by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE on the title-page of their *Chance the Piper* (SMITH, ELDER). But let me at once relieve the anxiety of the public, or, as I suppose will be the case with some, disappoint their hopes. There are no rag-time measures in this book. The stories belong chiefly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the times of the Fire of London and LOUIS LE BIEN-AIMÉ, of the French Wars and the Revolution. Their motifs are love and hate and jealousy and revenge, in the days when duels were as courtly as the Pavane, and aristocrats shuddered at the sound of the *Marseillaise*; when French prisoners in English gaols consoled themselves with flute and fiddle, and mournful night winds made Aeolian music on gibbet chains at bleak cross-roads. Later on there are three that belong to times nearer our own—two in which the piping of *Chance* leads to battle-fields in China and South Africa; and one, an Irish story, told in a brogue that might have come from the pen of SYNGE or Lady GREGORY, that begins with a wake and ends with a wedding jig. This last is, I think, the best in the book, not only because of its fidelity to truth in the dialect, but because it is so unlike the authors' usual work, as far as it is known to me. That perhaps sounds rather an Irish compliment. But what I mean is that the way in which they have seized the true Irish spirit, as well as the true Irish talk, proves once more the versatility of their gifts.

I remember being greatly pleased some time ago with a book called *The Little Green Gate*; and now here are my own words of praise confronting me from the page opposite the title of Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN's new story, *Vision* (CONSTABLE). Naturally therefore I read *Vision* with an interest almost paternal. I may say at once that the result was by no means disappointing; Miss CALLAGHAN has again shewn her power of writing an unusual story with grace and insight. Perhaps the story itself is a little more con-

ventional than its predecessor; the young poet and dreamer in contact with an unsympathetic world is a figure not altogether new to fiction; but I question if he has ever been portrayed with more understanding. *Antony Wyatt* is his name. You are shown him in childhood, an alien in the home of his bewildered and exasperated parents; at school, the favourite of the one master who understands him, and who takes him in the holidays to the beautiful old house Glayde, where he meets the girl who is to play her appointed part in his making. Throughout it is of course the figure of *Antony*, appealing in his youth and dreams, for whom your sympathy is demanded; though for my own part I confess to sparing a little for the ordinary persons whom he

bewildered. At the end, having abandoned or been deserted by everyone, he "turned exultant to face life." We are never told how; and I felt here a little like the parson and his wife in *Candida*, about whom the stage-direction says, if I recall it rightly, "They do not know the secret of the poet's heart." Still, these uncertainties and even some villainously careless punctuation could not spoil my enjoyment of a very charming story.

I should feel more than a little jealous of the *Earl of Sussex* in *A City of the Plain* (CONSTABLE) were I able altogether to believe in him. He had been "Captain of Oppidans at Eton, Senior something else at Christchurch," and had passed first into Sandhurst, a triple feat I find hard to swallow, although I have his wife's word for it. I am really sorry for this because he was one of the few people in the book who did not seem to talk

too much and do too little. Reams and reams of dialogue have no terrors for Mr. HORACE CARADOC, who doesn't seem to mind how much the loquacity of his characters impedes the movement of his story. The struggle between a very Protestant squarson and a young High Church parson (who ultimately joins the Church of Rome) is not without interest, but I should have squeezed more enjoyment from it if Mr. CARADOC's sympathies with the younger man had not been so obviously paraded. Rarely has a more insufferable prig than the *Rev. Sir Lucius Marples* been drawn in fiction, and the best that I can say for him is that to give him a cobbler with no morals for his chief champion in the fight was to handicap him unmercifully.

"In consequence of the flooding of the Severn, the Worcestershire cricket ground is now submerged by six feet of water. The members of the team are, therefore, unable to practise on it."

Daily News and Leader.

Slackers.



Farmer. "'OP OUT, 'ENERY, AND CATCH 'OLD OF HIS 'EAD."